

TOY SHOP WONDERS FOR ALL

GROWNUPS AND CHILDREN SHARE IN ITS PLEASURES.

The Last Small Boy and the One That Wouldn't Go On Old Folks Who Buy Toys for Young Folks and Some for Themselves. An Old Lover of Dolls.

It's the grownups who have a thoroughly good time at the toy shop, but that's another story.

Anybody who thinks that just because you're a child you're sure to have fun there makes a big mistake. It's by no means the aloof of joy when you're small, because there's always some interfering mother or aunt or father or governess saying, "Now if you don't mind me and leave those things alone I shall take you right away and I'll never bring you again if you don't behave better."

The sympathetic folks who own the shop don't talk that way, and if they don't mind your handling things you can't see why any one else should and you're perfectly sure that if you could only get to that fascinating shop alone you would love and handle to your heart's content.

You ponder dark schemes of how you'll manage some day to give those dominating grownups the slip and but it's a large and winding shop with big, tall counters and you discover all of a sudden that mother has disappeared in the crowd. You wander up one aisle and down another thinking how fine it is that

things should have happened thus. You almost lay bold hand on some toys, incidentally keeping up a search for mother out of the corner of your eye. You know you must be having a splendid time, but you begin to feel a queer feeling in your stomach.

The first thing you know some one is calling "Mother!" at the top of his voice. She doesn't answer and the place keeps getting bigger and lonelier and you are much mortified to feel that your face is puckering up and that the tears are rolling down your cheeks. You give one more despairing call for "Mother," and



"THEY ARE ALWAYS PULLING YOU OFF."

one of the nice ladies that keep the shop comes and cuddles you and says "Don't cry, darling! There's mother right down there." But your pleasure is all gone for that day.

Then there is the little boy who has grown hysterical over some disappointment following too great joy and he puts his head in his mother's lap and wails and wails. He has quite forgotten what he is waiting about. His mother sits, a picture of exasperated resignation, apparently past making any effort to stop the flood. She only sighs "I wish your father wouldn't bring you in here. Something like this always happens."

The older children with the father come back occasionally to see how matters are progressing, but on the whole the family seems to take it philosophically. So the air is rent with wails and everybody else wants to be told what the matter is.

There is a large fuzzy bear on wheels which causes a good deal of sickness. He is big, brown and terrible and when you are on his back you can pull a ring in his neck and he lets out a soul-satisfying growl. When you have only done this six or seven times, which is certainly self-denying, a foolish parent or guardian always comes and pulls you off and says she cannot allow you under any circumstances whatever to do it once more.

Such conversations as this are heard:

small boy and girl looking into a showcase.

Brother: "I'm going to have that duck."

Sister: "I'm going to have that music box."

Brother: "I'm going to have the music box."

Sister: "No, you can't have that, that's mine."

"Yes, I can have it, too."

"No, you can't. I'll slap you."

"I'll slap you back, then."

And though it doesn't quite come to blows, there's no telling what might not have happened if their attention hadn't been diverted by a tactful mother.

Then there was the sad disappointment of the little girl who brought a friend in to see the big doll house that had stood by the door and found it gone. She was almost too big a girl to cry, but she could scarcely believe that any one could have been unkind enough to buy that house. In fact, it cost so much that she had never dreamed of any one rich enough to.

Walden was a child of character. When Walden's mother suggested that having bought their toys they should now go to another shop and buy stockings, Walden politely but firmly announced that he was not ready to go and had no intention of going. Walden's mother argued and pleaded, but without another word out of his rosy mouth his fat brown legs

marched sturdily down the aisle, and he was soon lost in the crowd gathered around the mechanical engines. Mother meekly followed Walden, and at least an hour later they were seen leaving. One must be sure that Walden had at last seen everything in the shop.

A quaint little girl with ringlets looked up at her mother while she was being lured up to her coat before leaving and said with a sigh of ecstasy: "Mother! This is a very nice place, isn't it?" So somebody was happy after all.

But it really is the grown folks who have a downright good time at the toy shop. They go in of course to buy Christmas presents for the children, but it is noticeable that here is a shop where they do not merely look, order, pay for

new toy, much as if they were children again. If they were not ashamed they would buy that coveted toy for their very own and take it home to play with. Perhaps a good many of them do, for at least a few such cases are known. One man has never outgrown his childish delight in "Noah's Ark," as he used to call it. This man has the spirit of an explorer, though he has applied himself closely to business for some fifty years, has never taken more than two weeks vacation in a year and has never been further into unknown lands than the White Mountains.

His one extravagance is collecting books of travel and exploration, and his chief relaxation is Noah's Ark. In his well lined book room, with valuable maps on



EVERY NIGHT HE PLAYS WITH HIS NOAH'S ARK.

and have sent home. They usually spend a long time examining everything before they settle on just what they want. Then if it is a mechanical toy they insist that it should be wound up and put through its paces. If it is a playing composed of a lot of small items, such as a kitchen, a shop, a farm or a menagerie, each piece must be looked over and out in its place.

Grownups often confess shyly to one another or to some stranger that they have a great weakness for certain toys. This is often a cherished remembrance of some long ago love, but it is many times just a notion they take to a brand

of all degrees and each year he goes to the toyshop to see if there is anything new, but the style he prefers is very quaint and cheap and exactly like the very first "Noah's Ark" he ever had.

There is a grandmother who goes to the toyshop before every Christmas and chooses and buys several new games, presents for her grandchildren, after re-



SHE HAS KEPT ALL HER OLD DOLLS.

quiring an exhaustive explanation of how they are played. When she is through she is able to teach them to the children.

which the family says she is never tired of doing for the rest of the year.

A woman who has not kept her years and can't be induced to enter a real kitchen is infatuated with the toy stoves, really wonderful little affairs, with charming aluminum cooking utensils. She is always buying and giving them to ungrateful little girls. One day a package came from the toyshop for her and shortly afterward appetizing smells escaped from her room. Some one peeped in and found her down on the floor, flushed and reckless, cooking a

fairy meal on her toy stove.

A girl who was very fond of pets and owned a good many had for years harbored an aching void for a baby lion. It began to seem that this mild ambition would never be realized when one day she went into the toy shop and there she saw waiting for her among the other fuzzy animals the most desirable baby lion that ever was born. It was a wonder. Its face had all the solemn clownishness of its kind and its legs could be bent into all sorts of clumsy cub poses. The poor girl yearned for it but she said: "If it wasn't for those odious women who begged a Teddy bear around I would buy it in a minute, not to give away but just for my very own self. But I have always despised that sort of woman so." Nevertheless the lion disappeared from the shop that day and it's safe to say that the girl after locking her door brings the lion cub from its den in a big box and indulges a secret bout of play with it.

There is something a little pathetic in the case of the woman who has kept all her old dolls. They have a bureau drawer to themselves, occasionally have a new wardrobe made for them, one or two of them always travel with her and they are treated with all the tenderness that circumstances will permit. Some of them are very old and battered but once in a while a beautiful new one is added to the family. She can seldom resist the newest thing in dolls.



THE MECHANICAL PEPPERCORN.

Another aerial toy that appeals to the small boy is a parachute jumper with complete paraphernalia, which performs its feat by the pulling of a string. It can be had from 50 cents to \$1.

MORE COLOR IN BUILDINGS.

Bright Effects That Supply Relief Nowadays From the Usual Uniformity.

"I note," said the town traveler, "an increasing use of bright color on the outside of buildings with the effect of giving more contrast and variety, a relief from dull uniformity. You may see the new way exemplified particularly in window sashes."

Following ancient custom, window sashes have commonly been painted white or brown or dark green. Now it is not very unusual to see window sashes painted pale green, and on a building of light gray stone or brick the effect of this is very pleasing to the untutored eye, and I guess it is good to the artist.

Not are such new color effects now confined to window sashes alone. I saw the other day a new building, one devoted to business purposes, that illustrated the new departure throughout its front.

This, a six-story structure, was built of pale gray brick laid in brown mortar, with the cornice painted brown of the same shade. The caps and sills were white, the window frames and sashes a pale green. Above the third story was inset in the front to carry a sign there a long narrow panel in pale blue. I was myself a little in doubt about this, and still I liked it.

Over the first story of the building was the name of the establishment, not on a signboard but in separate raised letters in gold. Now here was a building that showed gray and brown and white and green and blue and gold, and you might think that the effect would have been glaringly one of over-ornamentation, but it wasn't so at all. The building itself was distinctly a solid structure, built on plain, simple lines, not a dollar had been wasted in structural ornamentation. The effect was all produced by the colors and these were all light; there were no hard contrasts; the whole effect was one of lightness and brightness, and to me it was very attractive and agreeable.

I would rather work in a building like that than in one that was simply a dull carapace of stacked up bricks and mortar, and I don't suppose it costs a cent more to build the building finished as it is than it would have cost to build it dull.

AT THE NO TIP BARBER SHOP.

An Eden From Which It Seems Hard to Keep Out the Serpent.

"Apparently," said Mr. Veteran Observer, who seems still to be keeping up his habit of chattering, "apparently the no tip barber shops are not without their troubles."

"Even there the serpent appears to have crept in disguised as the customer who insists on giving a tip anyway. Thus upsetting things generally and tending to drive away the customer who doesn't want to tip, whose custom on a tipless basis it is the owner's desire to attract."

"But the serpents are the alert and here is one of them now up in arms who sends abroad a banner bearer to parade the streets adjacent carrying a sign with this legend attached: 'No tip inspection. Strictly enforced.'"

PEEPBOXES AT THE AQUARIUM.

Small Forms of Marine Animal Life Shown Through Magnifying Lenses.

For a considerable time the Aquarium has maintained a peep box exhibit showing the mosquito in its various stages, eggs, larvae and full fledged mosquitoes, the purpose being to show how mosquitoes breed and how this pest can be done away with. This exhibit, contained in a screened, electric lighted tank, is seen through a magnifying lens set in the screen's front.

The Aquarium has now set up for the pleasure and information of its visitors a little line of four peep boxes in a row in which are shown various smaller forms of marine animal life. These exhibits are contained in balanced tanks which are lighted from the rear by electric light and which are entirely enclosed, the objects in the tanks being visible only through lenses in front, these being each four inches in diameter and magnifying about three times.

In one of these peep boxes at present there are shown crinoids, in another little sea anemones, in another specimens of living northern coral and in the other gammarus. Seen in this way the common shrimp awakens an entirely new interest, as do also, under like conditions, the marvellous little sea anemones and living coral animals. The gammarus is a tiny creature, these specimens here ranging from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch in length, the gammarus being the little crustacean that constitutes the natural food of the sea horse.

The object of this line of peep boxes is to show some of the wonders of nature as revealed in even the smallest forms of animal life, and there is always a line of visitors here passing along the front of the boxes and pausing as they pass to look in through the lenses.

A PAIR OF FUR SEALS.

First of Their Kind to Be Seen Here Now at the New York Aquarium.

The first fur seals to be seen in this city are now at the Aquarium, a pair of young ones, male and female, presented to by the United States Fisheries Bureau. These seals came from the famous Pribilof Islands, in Alaskan waters, to San Francisco by the Government steamer Bear and thence to Washington in one of the bureau's fish cars.

The two young fur seals, when they were about five months old, weighed forty-three pounds. They are each about twenty-eight inches in length. At maturity fur seals are much larger than this and then the male seal greatly exceeds the female in both size and weight.

The fur seal has a sharper nose than the familiar hair or harbor seal and has its swimming flippers and its tail flippers proportionately to its body much longer than those of the harbor seal. The harbor seal when it rests or sleeps closes out on rocks, or in winter on a cake of ice. The fur seal, a far wider traveler, sleeps more on the water, and when it sleeps it folds its long tail flippers upon its body, between its side flippers, presenting thus a curious appearance quite unlike the harbor seal.

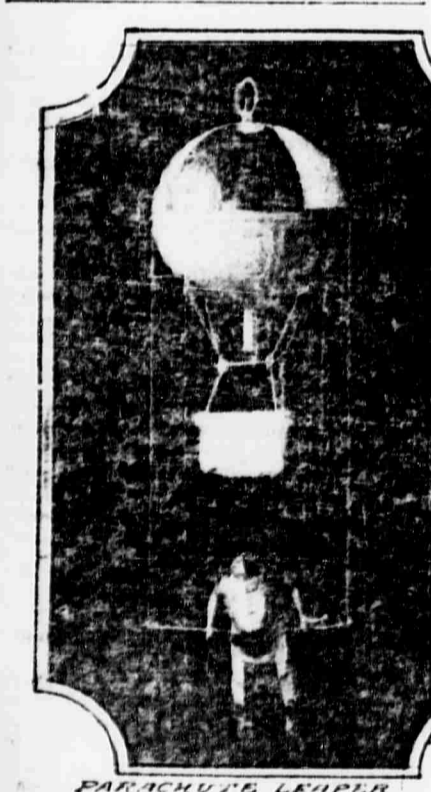
These two young fur seals are fed on fish, and one of them is already tame enough to take food from the hand.

AERIAL TOYS IN THE LEAD

BIPLANES, MONOPLANES AND DIRIGIBLES FOR BOYS.

They Cost From a Few Cents to \$65—Some Capable of Making Long Flights—New Kites and Parachute Jumpers Also Big Output of Flies.

The familiar hobby horse, the circus clown, the railroad train, the fuzzy Teddy bear and other delights of the small boy in time gone by are overshadowed among the holiday toys this year by an array of



PARACHUTE JUMPER.

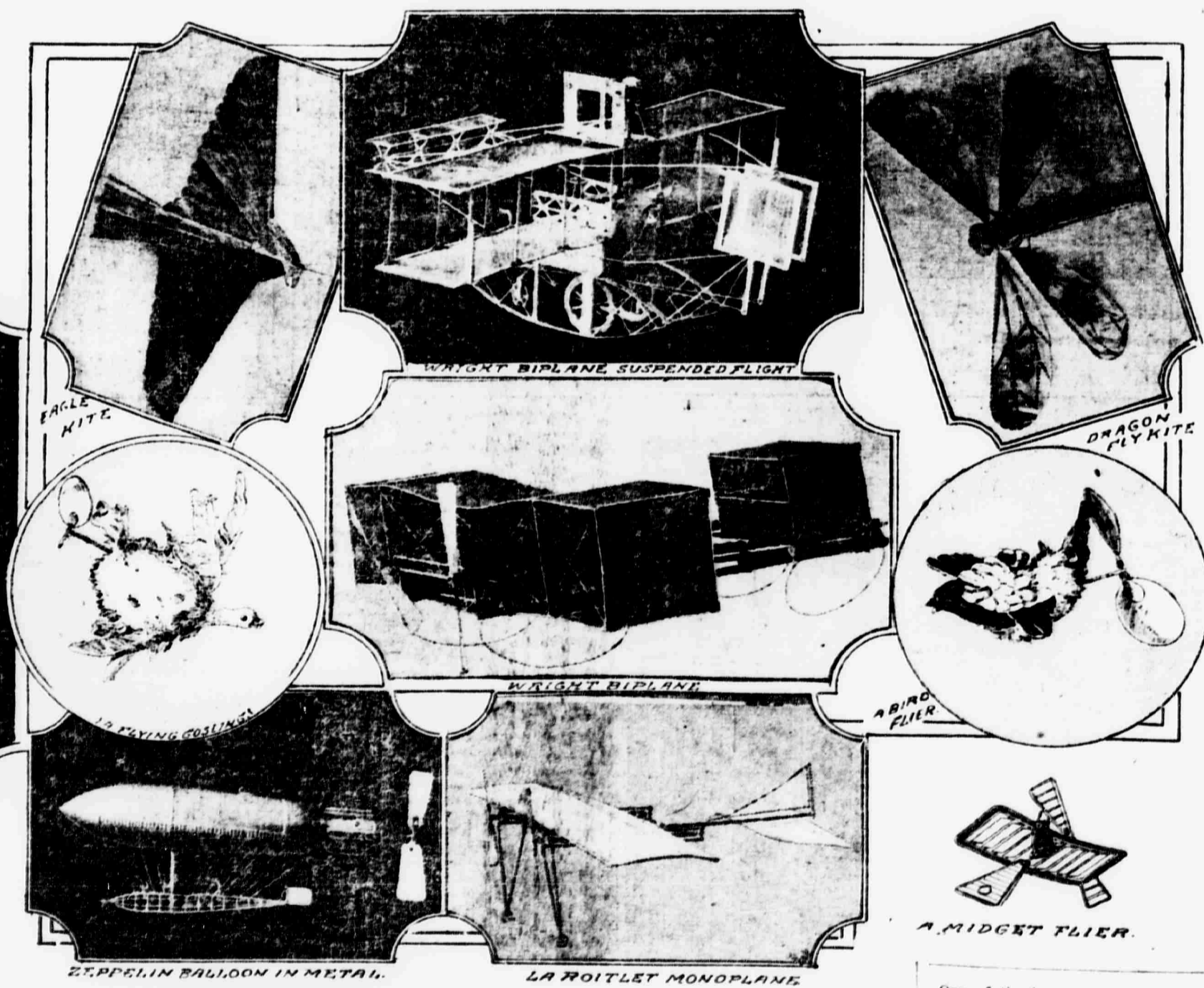
aerial contrivances. No one to date boy will be satisfied apparently with anything less than one of these things.

Santa Claus has kept in mind all classes of boys and has varied his supply to suit all needs. Twisting aereos, balloons, Zeppelin dirigible balloons, Wright biplanes, Bleriot monoplanes and parachute jumpers are in his present list of toys which there are many fantastic designs not copied after any standard model. France, Germany, America and Japan have all taken a hand in completing this flying outfit and the prices range from a few cents to \$65.

While the boy who is favored with one of these novelties cannot expect to take a ride in his own ship he can at least have the illusion of seeing his aero spin through the air for several minutes. The highest of all models are propelled by rubber bands, while the cheaper ones have a special rubber-band motion. The most pretentious of these things is a big red silk Wright biplane with a spread of five feet, tagged \$65. It is said to hold



A BABY LION AT LAST.



ZEPPELIN BALLOON IN METAL.

LA ROQUETTE MONOPLANE.

an altitude record of over a hundred feet at three feet or more.

A less imposing aero of the same type can be bought for \$10. It flies from 75 to 100 feet. One of the most beautiful specimens is a graceful Antoinette monoplane with a yellow silk covering that sells for \$20. It is credited with a 100 foot flight. But the very best seller of the whole lot is a small monoplane that is marked \$1.50. This midget aero has the advantages of cheapness along with good flying qualities. It travels from 75 to 100 feet.

There is a substantial looking Bleriot

monoplane two feet in length that sells for \$22.50. While it is not nearly so attractive in appearance as many others it is intended to stand rough and tumble use.

The Zeppelin balloon comes in patterns so cheap that almost any boy can afford one. The less expensive models are in metal and are propelled by a spring and are fashioned for suspended flight only. They range in price from 75 cents to \$5 and fly from one to four minutes. A dirigible balloon suitable for inflation may be had for \$12. It comes with a bag three feet in length and can be in-

flated by the use of ordinary illuminating gas.

The circus merry-go-round has been included in the aerial display and there is one that carries six Zeppelin balloons.

This contrivance is said to keep in motion four minutes. There are also feathered gossamers and dicks that fly for one minute in a suspended position. They sell for 50 cents.

Kites in many designs still hold a place in the small boy's affections and two particularly good ones are a dragon fly and an eagle design. They carry 500 yards of string and sell for \$3.

One of the best spiral spring models in aeros is a Wright biplane with celluloid planes that flies for six minutes. It also carries an aviator.

In launching the aero propelled by rubber bands some practice is required. The machine should be sent into the air with a forward thrust. When two propellers are used one should be taken to wind in opposite directions. Each propeller should be wound about 150 turns and can be released with a wire pin while the other is being tuned up. To make the aero plane go in a circle wind one propeller about fifty times more than the other. A good way to prime the rubber bands is to sprinkle them with talcum powder frequently.